

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

## LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,  
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, March 31, 1804.

[No. 78]

## THE VESTAL.

*A Fragment of a History extracted from a Latin Manuscript, found by the French in the Library of a Convent in Italy.*

EVERY body knows that the Vestals were virgins devoted to the worship of the Goddess Vesta, and charged particularly with the care of keeping alive the sacred fire which burned before her altars; they watched it night and day: the safety of Rome depended upon the duration or the extinction of this fire. The Vestals were punished severely for the slightest faults, and history furnishes numerous examples of these virgins being buried alive: but the greatest crime which they could commit would be that of suffering the sacred flame to expire. There never was more than one at a time of these virgins in the temple at night.

It is here the Latin manuscript commences.

At length the turn of Pompeia arrived. It was the very day on which the news arrived at Rome of the loss of the battle of Cannæ, and the death of one of the consuls. The people thought they already saw Hannibal and his Carthaginians upon the ramparts, and the temple had penetrated into the very temple.

The Pontiff at night conducted the Vestal thither, and after having locked all the exterior gates, retired with the keys. Pompeia poured out a short prayer at the feet of the statue of Vesta, and then seated herself upon a purple cushion in the sanctuary, a few steps from the sacred fire. All her attention was at first engrossed with the object the care of which was entrusted to her.

But the solitude around her, the mournful silence which reigned in the temple, and the feeble light afforded by a lamp which was suspended from the dome of the sanctuary, made her drowsy, and she at length fell into a profound sleep. In this state she remained a considerable time. In the mean while, the sacred fire began to die away insensibly and was almost extinguished, when, fortunately, she awoke. She raised herself precipitately, and ran all in terror to the door of the place which contained the proper aliment for nourishing the sacred fire: but she had scarcely reached it when the door suddenly disappeared, and she perceived nothing but one continued uniform wall. She was much surprized at this event, but, suddenly conceiving that she might have made a mistake, she turned about her head, and perceived, the door on the other side of the temple. She ran violently to open it, but in vain; the same prodigy again struck her eyes. She then became pale, as if she were ready to expire: a cold sweat bedewed her limbs.

She threw herself at the feet of the Goddess, and offered up this prayer from her inmost heart. Oh! powerful Goddess! Oh! mother of the Gods! save my country, save me! Without you, there is an end of Rome. Save it, and punish me: oh! that these arches would fall, and crush me to instant death! She thought her prayers were heard: the arches shook, and a confused noise arose behind her; but it was a new surprise which she was doomed to experience.

It was the custom to place in the temple the statues of some of the Vestals of the most exalted birth, or most distinguished for their zeal in the worship of the Goddess. These statues are of white marble, and ranged at equal distances from each other between the columns which supported the edifice. They all seemed animated at the same moment; with their faces concealed in long black veils, and some of them seeming stained with blood, they advanced slowly in procession, one after another, to the remotest part of the sanctuary; prostrated themselves, and pierced the wall, without leaving a trace of the aperture through which they vanished.

Notwithstanding the horror of this sight, the Vestal had still strength enough to approach the sacred vase. She removed the superincumbent ashes, and perceived at the bottom of the vase some vestiges of the fire not quite



extinguished. She endeavored to rekindle it with shreds torn from her robe, but all her efforts only served to put it out the sooner.

Thus deprived of all hope and resource, Pompeia abandoned herself to despair. She wandered through the temple, her hands raised towards Heaven: at length, overcome with grief, she retired towards the remotest part of the temple, where she shed a torrent of tears. In this situation she awaited the return of daylight.

Scarcely did it begin to appear, when the Pontiff was heard in the vestibule. He entered the temple, and was at first surprised at not seeing the Vestal; but when he approached the sacred vase, and perceived that the sacred fire was extinguished, the paleness of death spread itself over his countenance. Claspings his hands he raised them up to heaven without uttering a word; retired with precipitation, and carefully closed the gate.

I shall not attempt to describe what passed at that moment in the breast of the Vestal. She did not remain long in her state of dreadful suspense and expectation. On a sudden, all the gates of the temple were opened, and a tumultuous crowd of both sexes eagerly rushed in, and filled it. Pompeia presented herself with surprising firmness. They took her by the arms, and dragged her out of the temple to conduct her to the place of punishment. She crossed several streets before she arrived at it, and every where observed the most frightful scenes; the old men, the women, and children, running through the city, not knowing whither they were going, or what to do: at length she arrived at the foot of the capitol.

Here there was a cave, vast and profound, the mouth of which, at a depth of twenty feet below the surface of the ground, was covered immediately with a huge stone, with the earth then heaped up over it. It was in this cave that the offending Vestals were buried alive, and it was already open before Pompeia arrived. The Pontiff, in his robes, was seated at a small distance in his ivory car, and the people ranged around him. Hitherto Pompeia had not spoken a single word; but when she perceived the place of her punishment, the cords, the pitcher of water, and the piece of bread,

which were to be shut up with her, she uttered the most frightful shrieks, and, throwing herself at the feet of the pontiff, she embraced them with transport, and poured out a deluge of tears. This sudden effort seemed to move the minister of the altars; but, soon resuming his resolution, he chid the Vestal in the name of Jupiter Capitolinus, and the other gods of Rome. They then stripped off part of her clothes, and in spite of her feeble efforts, let her down into the cavern, the aperture of which was filled up again and covered with earth. This work finished, the people withdrew into the temple.

Pompeia remained some time in the cave unconscious of her situation, for as soon as she saw the aperture closed upon her she fainted away. At length she came to herself; and her first care was how she might put an end to her sufferings by a speedy death. She took the lamp which was shut up with her, more from a motive of cruelty than compassion, and drew near to the wall; but the humidity of the air had already diminished the feeble light which it afforded, and the motion of the Vestal completely extinguished it, leaving her in profound darkness.

A rumbling noise was heard at a distance, a stone fell, and in its descent displaced several others. The vestal arose, and perceived, by the light of a torch which pierced across two decayed and rudely-connected chambers, a tall woman clothed in white, her face covered with a long veil; her body was bent: she held a torch in her left hand, and her step, slow and tottering, announced a person very far advanced in years.

This woman took her by the hand, without uttering a single word, and conducted her over the ruins through the place from which she had descended: they proceeded about an hundred paces in a passage so narrow and low, that Pompeia, though not above middle size was obliged to stoop more than half her height to enable her to advance.

Fear nothing, said the old woman to Pompeia; you are safe. After a tedious course, they found themselves in a forest, where Vesta appeared to them nearly such as her statue represented her in the temple: she was accompanied by two horrible females, with their hair twisted of serpents, and their hands

armed with whips, as the furies are painted. Silly virgin! exclaimed the Goddess, could you expect to be able to escape me? Immediately one of the frightful attendants approached the old woman, seized her by the arm, tore off the veil which covered her face, and Pompeia beheld her mother Plautia. The Vestal made an effort to throw herself into her mother's arms, but, in an instant, Plautia and the two furies sunk into the earth, and the whole scene vanished from her sight: Pompeia remained alone. After having wandered a considerable time, she thought she recognized across the gloom the temple of Vesta, the very temple which was the cause of her melancholy fate.

Ah! Gods! exclaimed she, am I to prepare again for new torments? At that very moment the lamp, which served to give light in the temple, fell, and awoke the Vestal, who saw the statues in their proper places, the sacred fire burning in full vigor, and activity, and found that all the sufferings she had endured were but a dream. She prostrated herself at the feet of the goddess, thanked her for the caution which she had given her, and promised sincerely never to fall asleep again in her temple.

#### For the Visitor.

DESCRIPTION OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY,  
LONDON.

*By a gentleman late from that place.*

Continued from page 196.

THE moment you enter the west door, the whole of the church opens itself at once to your view, which cannot but fill the mind of every beholder with the awful solemnity of the place caused by the loftiness of the roof, and the happy disposition of the lights, and of that noble range of pillars by which the whole building is supported. On the arches of the pillars are galleries of double columns 15 feet wide, covering the sides and lighted by a middle range of windows, over which there is an upper range of larger windows; by these and the under range, with the four capital windows, the whole fabric is so admirably lighted, that the spectator is never incommoded with darkness nor dazzled with a glare. The next things obser-



able are the fine paintings on the windows, taken from scripture which are excellent pieces of workmanship.

The length of this church from east to west, is 375 feet, measuring from the steps of Henry the VII's chapel: from north to south the length is 200 feet. The width of the nave and side aisles is 75 feet the height from the pavement of the nave to the inner roof, 101 feet; from the choir pavement, to the roof of the lantern, is about 140 feet.

Having now pointed out what is accounted worthy of observation in the construction of this ancient abbey, both without and within it, we shall next say a word or two of Henry VII's chapel.

The ascent to the inside of this chapel is from the east end of the abbey, by steps of black marble, under a stately portico, which leads to the gates, opening to the body or nave of the chapel; before you enter you may observe a door on each hand, nave and side aisles, answering in every respect to a cathedral; the gates by which you enter the nave, are well worth attention, they are of brass most curiously wrought in the manner of frame work, having in every other pannel a rose and porticulis alternately. Being entered, your eye will naturally be directed to the lofty ceiling, which is wrought with such extraordinary variety of figures as no description can reach; the stalls are of brown wainscot, with gothic canopies most beautifully carved, as are the seats with strange devices, which nothing on wood is now equal to. The pavement is of black and white marble. The east view from the entrance presents you with the brass chapel and tomb of the founder; and round it where the east end forms a semicircle, are the chapels of Buckingham and Richmond; and in the open spaces are the tomb of Sheffield, duke of Buckingham, and the effigies of the duchess of Richmond, and dutchess of Buckingham. The side aisles are open to the nave on each end, on each side the founder's tomb: and at the east end of the south aisle is the royal vault; and of the other, the monument of the murdered princes, the walls as well of the nave as of the south aisles, are wrought in the most curious figures imaginable, and contain 120 large statues of patriarchs, saints, martyrs and confessors. The length of the chapel is within, 99 feet, breadth 66 ft.

and the height 54 ft. the roof is flattish, and is supported on arches between the nave and side aisles, which turn upon twelve stately gothic pillars curiously adorned with figures, fruitage and foliage.

Besides these there are a great number of other chapels, monuments, &c. in the abbey, most admirably executed. Of the wax figures. In a chantry over St. John's chapel, are handsome wainscot presses, which contain the effigies of queen Elizabeth, king William and queen Mary, and queen Anne, in their coronation robes. But what eclipses the brilliancy of those effigies, is the admirable figure of the earl of Chatham in his parliamentary robes, lately introduced at a considerable expence. It so well represents the original, that there is nothing wanting but real life; for it seems to speak as you approach it.

For the Weekly Visitor.

### SEDUCTION.

*Messrs Editors,*

AS I have always entertained the most despicable opinion of that detestable vice, seduction, I now offer you my reflections on the subject, hoping they may meet with your approbation.

The smooth tongued seducer, makes advances to some innocent and unsuspecting female, insinuates himself under the feigned name of friendship into her worthy family, (perhaps not equal to him in fortune), but where peace and contentment had always taken up their abode.

His address may fascinate, his countenance assume the semblance of manly virtue; and his behavior lull to rest, all suspicion that may arise in the bosom of the doating father, or the credulous mother. But alas! the daughter is singled out, to become the victim of his cursed machinations; and add one more to the number of those unhappy wretches, he has already deluded and plunged into the dreadful vortex of infamy and ruin!

He leaves nothing untried to gain her affections: he brings up every auxiliary

to his aid, fancy can suggest, until his arts prevail; until he receives the confession of love from her faltering tongue; until with a crimson cheek and downcast eye she pours forth the effusions of her inmost soul, and implicitly confides in his honor.

Then it is, with the dark and hellish subtilty of a demon, he presses his suit, he conjures, he swears by every thing that's sacred to the pureness of his intentions. She loves, she believes and is undone! When his fell designs are accomplished, he leaves her a prey to sorrow and remorse! She sees her error, though alas! too late. She lingers on, perhaps a few years, laboring under the most excruciating sensations, and then sinks under a load of ills to the cold and silent grave.

This, seducer, is thy work, in betraying innocence thou hast committed murder! does not the thought strike you dumb? If not, turn your eyes to her disconsolate parents! Behold the fond father, in whose breast you have planted the poignard of sorrow, more keen than the assassin's steel! Behold the distracted mother, robbed of her darling child, the child that was the joy and solace of her old age, robbed by the unfeeling villain! And canst thou view the scene unmoved? If yes, thy heart is harder than the adamant rock.

Libertine, remember there will be an awful day of reckoning; a day, when you must stand arraigned before the just tribunal of your injured God. And what mercy can you expect from him whose precepts you have slighted, and whose laws you have trampled under foot? The souls you sent untimely hence will stand in judgment against you!

Awake to a sense of your situation before the time for repentance is past.

Ye fair, who have often heard the tale of injured innocence, despise not nor condemn the victims of false and designing men; but let the tear of compassion flow at the sight of their miseries; virtue forbids it not, and from their example learn to shun the known seducer, for his touch is contamination, falsehood and deceit are his study, and he shrinks not even at the most atrocious perjury! Of such men beware. The voice of reason calls, obey her dictates.

O. W.



REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF  
THE FAILURE OF VOLITION.

A YOUNG Lady, an attendant on the Princess of ———, after having been confined to her bed for a great length of time, with a violent nervous disorder, was at last to all appearance, deprived of life. Her lips were quite pale, her face resembled the countenance of a dead person, and her body grew cold. She was removed from the room in which *she died*, was laid in a coffin, and the day of her funeral was fixed on. The day arrived, and, according to the custom of the country, funeral songs and hymns were sung before the door. — Just as the people were about to nail on the lid of the coffin, a kind-of perspiration was observed to appear on the surface of her body. — She recovered.

The following is the account she gave of her sensations: — She said it seemed to her as if in a dream, — that she was really dead; yet she was perfectly conscious of all that happened around her. She distinctly heard her friends speaking and lamenting her death at the side of the coffin: she felt them pull on the dead clothes, and lay her in it. This feeling produced a mental anxiety which she could not describe. She tried to cry out, but her soul was without power, and could not act on her body: she had the contradictory feeling as if she were in her own body, and not in it, at the same time.

It was equally impossible for her to stretch out her arm, or to open her eyes, as to cry, although she continually endeavored to do so. The internal anguish of her mind was at its utmost height when the funeral hymns began to be sung, and when the lid of the coffin was about to be nailed on. The thought that she was to be buried alive was the first which gave activity to her soul, and enabled it to operate on her corporeal frame.

## THE PAINTER. AN ALLEGORY.

ONE of the most celebrated Artists of Athens, who painted less for money than for fame, showed to a Connoisseur a portrait of Mars, and requested his judgment on it. The connoisseur candidly declared that the painting

was too much labored. The painter did not want reasons to justify his work. The Connoisseur, on his part, urged more potent arguments; but they did not convince the Artist.

A young blockhead arrives in the midst of the conversation, and fixes his eyes on the picture. — "Gods!" exclaimed he, at the first glance; — "what a *chef d'œuvre*! — How accurately these nails are painted! — What a beautiful helmet! — The whole is astonishingly finished! — It is Mars himself, alive!"

The painter was penetrated with shame; and, with a look of confusion said to the Connoisseur — "You are right. — I own myself vanquished;" — and with these words he threw the painting in the fire.

If your works do not please people of taste, it is a bad sign; but if, besides this, they please blockheads, never let them go into the world. — Destroy them.

## MOORISH BEAUTY.

(Extracted from Park's Travels.)

THE Moors, says Mr. P. have singular ideas of feminine perfection. The gracefulness of figure and motion, and a countenance enlivened by expression, are by no means essential points in their standard: with them corpulence and beauty appear to be terms nearly synonymous. A woman of even moderate pretensions must be one who cannot walk without a slave under each arm, to support her: and a perfect beauty is a load for a camel.

In consequence of this prevalent taste for unwieldiness of bulk, the Moorish ladies take great pains to acquire it early in life: and, for this purpose, many of the young girls are compelled by their mothers, to devour a great quantity of kouskous, and drink a large bowl of camel's milk every morning. It is of no importance whether the girl has an appetite or not: the kouskous and milk must be swallowed; and obedience is frequently enforced by blows.

I have seen a poor girl sit crying, with the bowl at her lips, for more than an hour; and her mother with a stick

in her hand, watching her all the while, and using the stick without mercy, whenever she observed that her daughter was not swallowing. This singular practice, instead of producing indigestion and disease, soon covers the young lady with that degree of plumpness, which, in the eye of a Moor, is perfection itself.

## ON SELF INFALLIBILITY.

WHEN we reflect on the strange blindness of man, which prompts him always to except himself, with respect to faults and failings which he allows to be truly charged upon every other, it fills us with astonishment; and yet, in the midst of this very astonishment, we again except ourselves from the absurdity which we impute to others; nor are we hurt by the practice of so weak a partiality, even when we reflect upon it. As to ourselves, indeed, we confess that it is absolutely contradictory to every rule of right reason; and yet we contend that it is natural, and therefore right. It is, like some others, a happy prejudice, which coincides with other imperfections of nature in its present depraved state; it preserves a general order, though of an inferior kind; or (if the metaphor may be allowed) keeps a weak and defective instrument in tune, by reducing all the notes to the same scale.

## THE VIRTUOUS FAIR.

FLAVIA was left to the care of her own fortune at the age of seventeen: her mother, knowing her innate virtue and solid principles, thought these her properest guardians: — she thought right. Flavia's beauty and fortune, which were both considerable, drew crowds of fluttering fops and fortune-hunting rakes to her shrine. The rakes imagined that so much youth and innocence could never resist their refined arts; the beaux depended upon the striking charms of their powdered paper-skulls. Had Flavia been so disposed, here was an ample field before her, in which she might have fully indulged the vanity of her age and sex, and coquetted away, at once both her innocence and her happiness. She, however, gave all these their answers as



fast as they came, but with so much sweetness and sensibility, that she awed the rakes, and delighted the fools.

She was in her twentieth year, when first young Lovemore paid his addresses to her. This youth was of a very different complexion from any of her former humble servants; he loved her heartily for her beauty, but he loved her more for her good humor and good sense. He saw how completely happy the man must be who gained so rich a prize; and the bare thought of a possibility of losing her gave him more real uneasiness, while it lasted, than it is in the power of beauty alone to create: she perceived his merit, and observed how respectfully he admired her. As it was contrary to the goodness of her heart to keep any one in a state of suspense, she was no sooner assured of the equity of his intentions, than she made him both easy and happy, by giving her hand where her heart dictated. Those maxims, which preserved her in her youth, continued and increased her happiness in an advanced age.

Her husband is forever extolling the darling of his heart, and expatiating on her virtues; indeed, every one that knows her admires her, and blessings flow from every tongue on the head of the good, the benevolent Flavia.

*Copy of a Letter from a young Cantab, in Town, to his Chum at Cambridge*

*From St. James' Chronicle.*

DEAR TOM,

YOU know I promised you a line as soon as possible, and now I am as good as my word. I got to town only last night, and had a very hearty welcome from my uncle: He's a fine old Grecian, Tom; but how I shall get a fortnight over with him the Lord knows: For if every day is to be like the first, I shall have matter enough for a letter every post, and you difficulty enough to find money to pay postage.

We got up this morning and breakfasted very comfortably. About twelve o'clock, "Jack, (says he) I'll take a walk with you to look about us a little:" On which he took up his stick, and I took down my hat: As we passed by a broker's shop, not far from the Strand,

we saw the man admiring a large old-fashioned elbow chair he had just vamped up, and set out for sale. My uncle unguardedly says to him, "That's a mighty clumsy chair:" The fellow eyeing him from head to foot in an instant, retorts hastily, "Not so clumsy as your nose." Unluckily for my uncle, there was not a part about him would so ill bear touching as his nose, it being inflamed and swelled with three or four large carbuncles; so that it looked like a dog-star on a very dark evening, you may think therefore, Tom, this speech hit him too hard. "You rascal, (says he) what business have you with my nose?" And what business (answers the fellow) have you with my chair?" "Sirrah! (says my uncle) your chair is set out for sale, and every man has liberty to give his opinion as he pleases." "And God Almighty (says the fellow) set such a queer nose upon your face for every body to laugh at, if they please." At that my uncle's patience could hold no longer, but, spitting in his hand, and grasping his oaken towel, he had certainly split the fellow's skull had I not caught hold of his arm, and by main force dragged him away: However he kept looking back, and walking sideways, just like a crab, muttering to himself, "A rascal! a villain!" &c. when unluckily a boy coming from the baker's with a dinner for a family as hungry no doubt as himself, was in a full run to get his teeth set to work as fast as possible, but, O lamentable! turning short at a corner, he came so plump against my uncle, whose eyes were still fixt on the fellow, instead of minding his own way, that his coat was saluted with a piece of smoking hot beef, and his waistcoat and breeches received all the fat and gravy and part of the pudding; this unexpected blow coming before his blood had the least time to cool, raised such a storm in his pericranium, that had Hogarth been so lucky as to have seen his attitude it must have been an estate to him: I cannot but think his attitude resembled what a droll fellow describes in the battle of the Genii, which, between you and I, Tom, is neither more nor less than a burlesque on Milton's battle of the angels, and wrote, in my opinion, on purpose to show that the devil and his rebellious crew were all scotchmen; I say I could not help thinking, that my uncle's attitude resembled that of the archangel Michael and Satan when ready to engage, where this strange fellow says:

Words can't describe how fierce these foes  
Appear'd, when standing on their toes;  
So tall they grew, and look'd so high,  
A single sparrow could not fly  
Betwixt their noddles and the sky.

This was just the case with my poor uncle, you would have sworn he was not only going to engage with all the world, but even with the devil himself; he seemed as tall as the house he stood by: his cheeks were puffed up to an amazing size, and his eyes flashed fire from every corner, which increased every time he cast them down on his gravified waistcoat and puddened breeches; for his breeches had got the largest share of the pudding by far; in short, he cut so dreadful a figure, that instead of making a ring round him, as is usual when any thing extraordinary is to be seen in the street, the foot passengers very quietly crossed over the way, but, indeed, they could not help taking a peep both at him and the other actors in this farce; for besides my uncle, in the attitude I have described, there was my own self, cutting no very contemptible figure, staring at him; there was the poor boy with his fingers locked in his hair, scratching for intelligence, whether he should cry or take to his heels and run away. There was the piece of beef tumbled upon a tinman's shop door; there was the remainder of the pudding that did not chuse to stay upon my uncle's breeches, lying scattered along with the pieces of the broken platter, upon twenty different parts of the pavement; there was a dog turning round and roaring because he had burnt his teeth by striking them rashly into the hot beef; there was—but the postman's bell rings, so must defer the remainder to my next, and am,

Dr. Tom, Your's &c.

J. F.

#### ANECDOTE.

When Mr. John Kemble played *Hamlet*, in the country, the gentleman who acted *Guildenstern* was, or imagined himself to be, a capital musician. *Hamlet* asks him,—"Will you play upon this pipe?"—"My lord, I cannot."—"I pray you."—"Believe me, I cannot."—"I do beseech you."—"Well, if your lordship insists on it, I shall do as well as I can:" and, to the confusion of *Hamlet*, and the great amusement of the audience, he played *God save the King*.



## The Visitor.

SATURDAY, March 31, 1804.

### LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 30 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 10—apoplexy 2—hives 3—convulsions 1—small pox 2—intoxication 1—decay 1—worms 1—inflammation 1—fits 3—whooping-cough 1—bilious fever 1—old age 1—and 2 of disorders not mentioned.

Of the above 18 were adults and 12 children.

Accident has thrown one of our frigates and three hundred of our citizens into the hands of the pirates of the Mediterranean. Information of this misfortune was received at the seat of government on Tuesday the 20th instant, and the Thursday following a bill past the house of representatives appropriating a million, authorizing the president to engage two vessels of 16 guns each, and as many gun boats as he may think necessary, to defend the interests and to sustain the honor of the nation. This measure passed the house by an unanimous vote.

Merc. Ad.

Names of the officers in confinement at Tripoli, captured in the Philadelphia Frigate.

William Bainbridge, captain; David Porter, Jacob Jones, Theodore Hunt, Benjamin Smith, lieutenants; Wm. S. Osborn, lieutenant marines; John Ridgeley, surgeon; Jonathan Cowdery, and Nicks. Harwood, surgeon's mates; Keith Spencer, purser; William Knight sailing master; George Hodge, boatswain; Bernard Henry, Daniel T. Patterson, James Gibbon, Benjamin F. Reed, Wm. Cutbush, Wallace Wormley, Robt. Gamble, Richard B. Jones, James Renshaw, James Biddle, and Simon Smith, midshipmen; Jos. Douglas, sail maker; Richard Stephenson, gunner; William Godby, carpenter; Wm. Anderson, captain's clerk; Minor Forentan, master's mate; James C. Morris, ships steward; Otis Hunt, and

David Irvine, serjeants marines; William Leith, cook; James Casey, master at arms; Peter Williams, corporal; John Baptist, Lewis Heesener, Frederick Lewis, Charles Mitchell, Peter Cook, Leonard Foster, William James, William Gardner, William Kemperfill, seamen—43. 264 Men and boys in the Bashaw's palace. 307 Total of Crew.

A very ingenious young man of the name of Smart, a journeyman taylor, near Tunbridge Wells, in England, has invented an *infernal machine*, which when placed in any point of contact against an invading force, is capable of destroying a thousand men in a minute. The expence, we are told, will be small when compared with its utility. He has explained to the duke of Richmond, lord lieutenant of the county, the model of his machine, &c. which has met the approbation of all the gentlemen Volunteer officers in that neighborhood; the inventor is a volunteer himself, though a taylor. Should it meet the approbation of the duke of Richmond, Smart will undertake to conduct it himself into the centre of the enemies legions; the great merit in the construction of this machine is, that he can remain in perfect safety in the centre while he deals death and destruction to all around him, and he is capable of re-charging it in ten minutes: and it can be moved with one horse with the greatest facility, at the rate of eight miles an hour.

In the year 1572 the poulterers of London having greatly enhanced the value of poultry, the lord mayor and aldermen, on the 4th of April, ascertained the following prices:—

	s.	d.
The best Goose - -	1	0
Best Wild Mallard - -	0	5
Best Capon - - -	1	0
Second sort - - -	0	10
Best Hen - - -	0	7
Best Chicken - - -	0	3
The best Woodcock - -	0	5
The Green Plover - -	0	3
Pigeons per dozen - -	1	0
Blackbirds, do. - - -	0	10
Rabbits, each - - -	0	3
Larks, per dozen - -	0	6
The best Butter per lb	0	3
The best of Eggs, 5 for	0	1

A robbery of an extraordinary nature was lately committed at Paris: it consists of a fine coronet of emeralds, the property of a Madame Demidoff, and the robber proves to be the countess of Schwiechelt, a young and beautiful Lady from Hanover, she had made herself acquainted with the place where it was kept, and at a ball given by its owner the Hanoverian Lady contrived to purloin it. The theft has been proved, and the beautiful thief was conducted to prison.

Her youth and rank in life, have induced many persons to solicit her pardon, but it is generally believed that Bonaparte will leave her to the punishment to which she has been condemned. The love of play, and to repair the immediate loss of 50,000 livres, impelled this lady to commit the offence.

\*\*\*\*\*

### THEATRICAL REGISTER.

FRIDAY, March 23.

John Bull, (Colman, the younger) and Raising the Wind, (Kenney).

SATURDAY, March 24.

Blue Beard, (Colman, the younger), and Mrs. Wiggins, (Allingham).

After which, the theatre was, as is usual, closed during passion-week.

Sketch of Lewis of Monte Blanco continued.

In the second act Don Lewis having given orders to Lope to convey food to Don Jerome, desires the stranger to be sent to him, who had been admitted by O'Reilly and Margareta. Lope suggests the thought of endeavoring to secure O'Reilly's services and hints his fears of him. Lewis in consequence tells Lope to send the Hibernian to him. The scene that follows between these opposite characters produces great effect upon the audience; and is excellently played by Messrs. Fennell and Harwood. It is interrupted by the entrance of Seraphina, who comes to demand her liberation, and seeing O'Reilly she places herself under his protection. Margareta entering with Ferdinand, a general *eclaircissement* takes place. The lovers are surprised at meeting



each other under such circumstances. The rivals are no less so at such an unexpected rencontre. *Lewis*, in a fit of rage draws and would rush on the young officer, but *Seraphina* seizes his hand, at the moment *O'Reilly* places himself in front of *Ferdinand* reminding *Lewis* that his rival has no sword. *Lewis* thus baffled and shamed calls on *Lope*, who now enters, to arrest *Ferdinand*. But the Hibernian draws and *Lope* thinks it prudent to retire. The picture here formed, of which the Hibernian is the principal figure is one of the finest we remember, and the honest bravery of *O'Reilly* always commands thunders of applause. *Ferdinand*, demanding a sword, challenges *Lewis* to combat and the latter accepts the invitation, this satisfies *O'Reilly*, who sheathing his sabre, exclaims, "Och, now you're your self again," and the lady being led away and the time and place of the combat settled, the scene concludes.

*Lewis*, however, on learning that his expected garrison of Banditti are within sight of the Castle, determines not to risque the duel, and goes to seek their leader *Sebastian*.

The scene changing, the Banditti, appear among the rocks of the mountain, and *Lewis* meeting them, directs them to remain without the Castle until night, but takes with him the leader and four trusty men, to seize and secure *Ferdinand*. A chorus of Banditti, concludes the second act.

*Lazzaretto* and *Juan*, two comic Bandits appear in this scene for the first time, and are well supported by Messrs. *Johnson* and *Hogg*.

The third act commences at the time, when, according to appointment *Lewis* was to meet *Ferdinand* in single combat, and *Thady O'Reilly* had determined to see "fair play." But instead of this procedure, we see *Lewis* directing *Sebastian* and his four ruffians to seize and bear *Ferdinand* to the prisons of the castle where they had already confined *Don Jerome*, and to secure *O'Reilly* until further orders. *Ferdinand* is soon after borne across the stage, stunned by a blow from behind, and *O'Reilly* is brought on pinioned between *Lazzaretto* and *Juan*. The Irishman is indignant at such treatment but entertains no notion that it proceeds from *Lewis*; but when told that *Ferdinand*, *Jerome*, and himself, have all been seized by *Lewis's* order, his rage is without bounds and he con-

ceives the design of escaping from his guards and assisting the other prisoners. After several ineffectual attempts, *Juan's* insatiable appetite is made the mean of accomplishing the design, for being directed to the pantry window and shown a ladder by which to ascend to it, he mounts while *Lazzaretto* places his foot against the ladder to keep it firm. The Irishman seizes this instant and taking off his neck-cloth, ties *Lazzaretto's* foot to the foot of the ladder: *Juan* having gained the window, *O'Reilly* takes to his heels: *Lazzaretto* in attempting to pursue falls and pulls away the ladder, so that while one robber is suspended from the window the other is extended on the earth in contact with the ladder. This scene is well played and produces great effect.

The second scene of the third act passes in an apartment of the castle. *Margaretta* is protesting to *Seraphina* that she has seen a ghost, or mysterious personage, in female form, who inhabits the castle, when the brave *O'Reilly*, having armed himself, enters to apprise the lady that her father is in the castle and her lover a prisoner. He tells his tale with the whim and bluntness to be expected from his character and nation, and then proposes to the lady to fly with him to the ruined part of the castle, there to remain concealed, while he goes to the assistance of the gentlemen. This plan being adopted they go off to put it in execution.

On drawing the scene, *Don Jerome* is discovered filing the gratings of a window, and by the side scene, some rubbish near a hole through which he had escaped from the place of his confinement.

(To be continued)

### Married,

On Wednesday evening last, Mr. Benjamin Crane, to Miss Elay Schuyler, both of this city.

### Died,

On Saturday morning, Mrs. Ann Pell, wife of Joshua Pell, jun. of this city.

On Sunday morning, aged 21 yrs. and 9 mths. Mr. William Osborn Payne, of this city.

On Tuesday morning, Mrs. Mercy Ferrers, wife of Mr. John Ferrers.

On Saturday last, at E. Hampton, (L. I.) Nathaniel Gardner, esq.

### UNFORTUNATE LOTTERY-OFFICE.

No. 246 WATER STREET.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale, TICKETS in the "Lottery for the Encouragement of Literature, No. 11," either whole, or in halves, quarters, or eighths.—Scheme as follows:

1 Prize of	25,000	60	200
1	10,000	120	100
1	5,000	200	50
3	2,000	500	20
7	1,000	9,000	10
20	500		

9,913 Prizes—23,087 Blanks—Less than 2½ blanks to a prize—Subject to a deduction of 15 per cent.

The above Lottery will commence drawing in the city of N. York, on the first Tuesday in April, 1804.

N. B. Tickets examined and registered as usual—Cash paid for prizes as soon as drawn—Orders for tickets or shares, (post paid) carefully attended to.

Tickets now selling for 7 dollars, and by reason of the great demand will soon rise.

JOHN TIEBOUT.

### W. S. TURNER,

SURGEON DENTIST, FROM LONDON.

Respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that he practises in all the various branches of his profession. He fits Artificial Teeth with such uncommon nicety as to answer all the useful purposes of nature, and of so neat an appearance, that it is impossible to discern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the teeth is allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without giving the least pain or incurring the slightest injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth-ache he can truly say, that his Tincture has very seldom failed in removing the torture; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in general, (from considerable study and practice) is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any lady or gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 12, Dry-Street—where may be had, with directions, his Antiscorbutic TOOTH-POWDER, a most innocent preparation of his own, from Chymical and Medical experience. It has been in great esteem the last ten years, and is considered as pleasant in its application, as it is excellent in its effect; it renders the teeth smooth and white, braces the gums, makes them healthful, red and firm, prevents decay, tooth-ache, that accumulation of tartar, (so destructive to the teeth and gums) and imparts to the breath a most delectable sweetness.

Sold by appointment of the proprietor, at G. & R. Waite's Patent Medicine Warehouse and Bookstore, No. 64, Maiden-Lane.

### SELECT TUITION. FOR YOUNG LADIES.

From 12 till 3 o'clock.

Young Ladies above 12 years of age, who are desirous of perfecting themselves in an approved system of English Education, may apply at JAMES REID's select school for young ladies, No. 80; Greenwich st. on or before the 7th of May, as none will be admitted after that date.

### Theatre.

On Monday evening, being Easter-mond, WILL BE PRESENTED,

the Comedy of

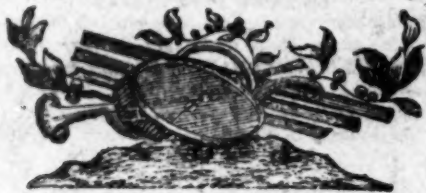
Lewis of Monte Blanco,

OR, THE TRANSPLANTED HIBERNIAN.

To which will be added,

DON JUAN.





*For the Weekly Visitor.*

*The following effusion of some love-sick swain, I found in the street—supposing by his drooping it that he intended it for the press, I have taken the liberty of sending it to you.*

*To the beautiful maid of Broadway.*

THE beautiful maid at the foot of the hill,  
Our Harwood shall love if he may.  
I love while I sing—I'll sing, yes, I will,  
The beautiful maid of Broadway.

How lovely her eyes—How enchanting her face,  
When Cupid around her shall play.  
I'd love—yes, I would—I'd love to embrace  
The beautiful maid of Broadway.

The gods would look down, and envy my bliss—  
O! but I'm too modest to say,  
That I'd love—oh! I would die could I kiss  
The beautiful maid of Broadway.

J. P. A.

#### VERSES.

*By a Lady to a Gentleman who had failed in his engagements to her, on returning him a Gold Watch he had given her.*

WHEN you implor'd, and I believ'd,  
This golden bauble I receiv'd.  
“Look, look, my love (you fondly cry'd)  
“How fast the little minutes glide;  
“Let us the precious hours improve,  
“And wing each fleeting day with love,  
“Till awful death, my beauteous friend,  
“Your lover with the earth shall blend.  
“Time ne'er, my darling girl, shall see  
“Horatio love a maid but thee.”  
Then rapture sparkled in your eye,  
Then roses breath'd in ev'ry sigh;  
Then, resting on your beating breast,  
Each thought my artless soul exprest;  
And trusting to your generous mind,  
My honor and my peace resign'd!  
Since then, alas! what magic pow'rs  
Can charm to rest my anxious hours?  
For guilt is painted on my cheek,  
Confusion checks me when I speak.  
No more, unconscious and serene,  
I gaze upon this bright machine;  
Its still reproaches wake my sighs,  
And call the tears that dim my eyes.

“Where are those happy minutes fled,  
“When Innocence her radiance shed—  
“When, pure as morning's orient dew,  
“Health gave her soft celestial hug?  
It seems to say—“Ah me! no more,  
“In future time's exhaustless store,  
“Shall you, sad maid, such moments see,  
“As ere you first accepted me.”  
Then take, O take it from my view,  
Valu'd alone while you were true.  
Alas! how oft, with eager love,  
I've watch'd its sparkling finger move,  
And touch th' appointed hour at last,  
When, every care and danger past,  
While the still orb of midnight shone,  
To every eye but love unknown,  
You sought repose in *Delia's* breast,  
A charming, dangerous, faithless guest!  
My views of bliss forever gone—  
Deceiv'd, deserted, lost, undone!  
Ah! what have I with Time to do,  
Since he can never bring back you?  
Then, busy Monitor, depart—  
Return to him who pierc'd my heart;  
Remind him of those coming hours,  
When youth no more his roses show'rs;  
When, on Reflection's pillow laid,  
The image of a pale ey'd maid  
Shall chase the timid pow'rs of sleep,  
And bid his tortur'd mem'ry weep;  
While sad Compunction's rankling dart  
Works at his late-repenting heart.

Yet, ah! he knows my tender mind,  
Which Love's soft laws must ever bind;  
He knows I cannot wish him woe;  
For genuine love till death will glow.  
If still the world's gay charms invite—  
If still he lives to young delight—  
If no remorse deforms the scene—  
If all is cloudless and serene—  
So may his moments ever fly:  
LET HIM BE BLEST, and I will die.

#### TO MUSIC.

ENCHANTING pow'r! whose gentle way  
To peace and love attunes the soul,  
And kindly charms life's gloomy way,  
And bids the tardy moments roll:  
Delightful theme,  
Most pleasing dream,  
Oh! ever deign  
To cheer the scene:  
Discord shall at thy voice give place,  
And ev'ry motion blend with grace.  
Disease and Care at distance keep;  
Their iron rule is felt no more;  
Wrapt in the fascinating sleep,  
While rapture vibrates ev'ry pore:  
Ah! pow'r divine,  
Then, come, be mine;  
Sweet poetry,  
In sympathy,  
Shall frame the words which thou shalt sound,  
And tuneful Nature echo round.

#### N. SMITH,



Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

#### TUITION.

The Subscriber returns his thanks to his employers for their patronage, and flatters himself that he has every reason to hope for a continuance of the same, soliciting also the patronage of the public, informs, that he has removed his School to No. 17, Bancher-Street where he proposes continuing the ensuing year. A Tutoress will attend in said School for the purpose of teaching plain sewing and all kinds of needle work. The subscriber continues as usual to give lessons to ladies and gentlemen at their own dwelling, particularly in the art of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months or exact no pay.

W. D. LEZELL.

#### WHAITES & CHARTERS.

##### PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS.

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church, Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Pianos Fortes of superior quality intone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

NEW-YORK: PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY MING & YOUNG, No. 90, WILLIAM-STREET, WHERE EVERY KIND OF PRINTING IS EXECUTED.—SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THIS PAPER ARE RECEIVED AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.